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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

TOURS TO YELLOWSTONE PARK ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION AND THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

In the heart of the Rocky Mountains lies one of nature's richest treasure-houses—the Yellowstone National Park. It is America's greatest show ground. To visit this Park is to see nature in a variety of rare and majestic moods.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, at Seattle this summer, will be one of the finest shows of its kind, reflecting the wonderful progress of that territory which was, but a few years since, a wilderness.

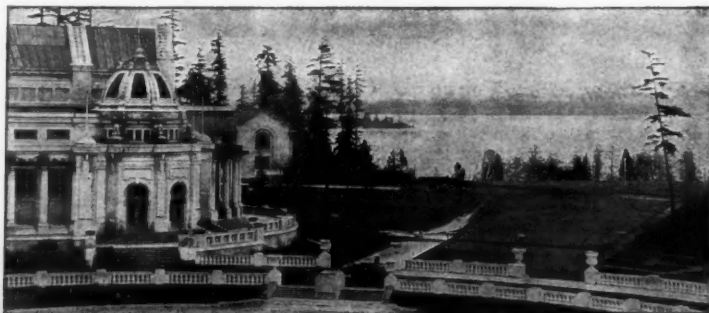
The Canadian Rockies, glorious in scenery, displaying new wonders in every mile as one penetrates the great canyons through which the railroad runs, combine the beauty of the Alps and the grandeur of the Himalayas.

On August 14 and September 4 personally conducted tours through the Yellowstone Park; to Portland and Seattle, for a visit to the Exposition, and returning through the Canadian Rockies, will leave the East by special trains over the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Five and one-half days will be spent in the Park, one day in Portland, two days in Seattle, one day on Puget Sound, going by steamer from Seattle to Vancouver, part of a day at Vancouver, one day at Laggan, one day at Banff, and sight-seeing trips will be made in St. Paul and Chicago. Each tour will cover a period of twenty-two days.

The rate, which will cover all necessary expenses except luncheons in Seattle, will be \$246 from New York, and proportionate rates from other points.

Persons desiring to utilize these exceptional opportunities to visit the Yellowstone Park and the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, should apply for Pullman space early, as the parties will be limited. Address C. Studds, D. P. A., 263 Fifth Avenue, New York; Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.; or consult nearest Ticket Agent.



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SPARKS FROM OLD ANVILS

The Hats of Other Days

There is not so variable a thing in Nature as a Lady's Head-dress. Within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty Degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great Height, insomuch that the Female Part of our Species were much taller than the Men. The Women were of such an enormous Stature, that we appeared as Grass-hoppers before them. At present the whole Sex is in a Manner dwarfed and shrunk into a Race of Beauties that seems almost another Species. I remember several Ladies, who were once very near seven Foot high, that at present want some Inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole Sex be at present under any Pennance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their Head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that Kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the Sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this Method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a Secret; tho' I find most are of Opinion, they are at present like Trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater Heads than before. . . . I admire the Sex much more in their present Humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural Dimensions, than when they had extended their Persons, and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantick Figures. . . . One may observe that Women in all Ages have taken more Pains than Men to adorn the Outside of their Heads; and indeed I very much admire, that those Female Architects who raise such wonderful Structures out of Ribbands, Lace and Wire, have not been recorded for their respective Inventions.—
Joseph Addison, in "The Spectator," Friday, June 22, 1711.

A Knickerbocker Sabbath

The old time Knickerbocker Sabbath was in very truth a day especially set apart for worship. The laws of society so decreed, and public opinion was a stern master then. So woe betide the man, woman or child who dared to disobey or disregard its stringent rules. From early dawn all secular affairs were religiously abstained from, the family meals were but cold collations of Saturday baked meats—it was decreed that man servant and maid servant should rest. No sound save the tolling of the church-bell broke the awful stillness. At stated hours, three times during the day, at ten o'clock, at three o'clock and at seven o'clock, stovepipe processions of staid men and women, accompanied by subdued, silent children even of the most tender age, slowly wended their way to church soberly and

(Continued on page 75)

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Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 74)

solemnly, as if they were assisting at the funeral of a dear departed friend, a bare cold nod of recognition was all that was vouchsafed to the most intimate passing acquaintance. The coy maiden looked as demure as her spectacled grandmother, who led protectingly by the hand; the youth clad in best Sunday "roundabout" appeared as stolid as the well fed museum anaconda, for the boy had been crammed that morning with catechism, and pater and mater familias bore upon their countenances the consciousness of their awful responsibility, while Betty, the help, arrayed in the brightest calico, cleanest pinafore and gayest bandanna turban, trudged along in the rear of the family circle as an evidence that the family was doing its whole duty. When the bell ceased tolling and the service was about to commence, heavy iron chains were drawn tightly across the streets adjacent to the different places of worship, that no possible noise might distract the congregation in their serious meditations. This precaution seemed in a great measure to be superfluous, for the doctor's gig on its errand of mercy, or the carriage of some aged Christian, too infirm to walk, were the only admitted departures, as beasts were also included in the Sunday code. Now and then a sly sinner or two would "harness up" for a drive on the road, and enjoy a little sweet unlawful frolic; but such were far too cunning to select the thoroughfare, but would take some unfrequented road, certain that if detected in their sinful departure in addition to the inevitable severe reprimand for their ungodly practices, they would during an indefinite period be the prominent subjects of intercession at evening prayers.—From "Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York," by Abram C. Dayton.

Necessary Hints to Those That Would Be Rich

Written Anno 1738

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having money.

For six pounds a year you may have the use of one hundred pounds, provided you are a man of known prudence and honesty.

He that spends a groat a day idly, spends idly about six pounds a year, which is the price for the use of one hundred pounds.

He that wastes idly a groat's worth of his time per day, one day with another, wastes the privilege of using one hundred pounds each day.

He that idly loses five shilling's worth of time loses five shillings, and might as prudently throw five shillings into the sea.

He that loses five shillings not only loses that sum, but all the advantage that might be made by turning it in dealing; which by the time that a young man becomes old will amount to a considerable sum of money.

Again: he that sells upon credit asks the price for what he sells equivalent to the principal and interest of his money for the time he is to be kept out of it; therefore, he that buys upon credit pays interest for what he buys; and he that pays ready money might let that money

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out for use; so that he that possesses anything he has bought pays interest for the use of it.

Yet, in buying goods, it is best to pay ready money, because he that sells upon credit expects to lose five per cent by bad debts; therefore he charges, on all that he sells upon credit, an advance that shall make up that deficiency.

Those who pay for what they buy upon credit pay their share of this advance.

He that pays ready money escapes, or may escape, that charge.

A penny saved is two pence clear;
A pin a day's a groat a year.

—Benjamin Franklin.



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His dramatic instinct was supremely powerful. He seems to select unerringly the one thing in which the soul of the scene is prisoned, and, making that his keynote, gives a picture in words which haunts the memory like a strain of music.

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“USE IVORY SOAP—IT FLOATS!”

“One morning, last summer, at a Michigan resort, a party of girls went down to the lake in their bathing suits for the purpose of washing their hair. Each carried the necessary articles, including a cake of soap. One had a cake of _____’s soap; another, a cake of _____ soap. Several other varieties were represented.

The place selected was near the pier, and the implements for washing the hair were placed in the interstices of the logs supporting the pier. During the process of washing, the _____’s soap girl lost her soap and in the effort to recover it, the _____ soap girl lost her’s, too. The girl with the Ivory Soap thereupon threw it far out into the lake, swam after it and, holding it aloft, cried: ‘*Use Ivory Soap—it floats!*’

In the end, all three girls used Ivory Soap—they had to!”

—[Extract from a Letter.]

Again we ask: Even if Ivory Soap were no better than other soaps, does not the fact that *it floats* make it better?

LIFE



CHRISTIAN L. CARDE

"FOR WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE—MAKE US TRULY THANKFUL"

Sir Toby, M. P.



TO Sir Henry W. Lucy, Knight, greeting: Here's to you! And how does it seem?

For fifty years Sir Henry has made his living by selling news and views to newspapers and other publications. For longer than any judicious person wants to remember he has been the "Toby, M. P.," of *Punch*.

Fifty after so long and diligent a day the Knight cometh!

The World Moves

There is no country in the world to-day in which you can be very happy if you care about politics and the progress of mankind, while there are many in which you can be very comfortable, if you occupy yourself simply with gardening, lawn tennis, and true religion.—*The late E. L. Godkin.*

THAT was yesterday, and since then the situation has materially altered for the better. Four successive triumphs of the Republican Party and Constructive Statesmanship have got the national honor where nothing serious can happen to it, and now that we know which way the tariff is going to be revised, there would seem to be no valid reason why any right-thinking man may not care for politics and the progress of mankind and still be tolerably happy. R. B.

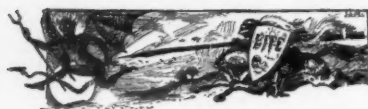
"SO he's a bore! Does he tell old jokes?"

"Oh, worse than that. He tells original ones."

CUPID invented platonic friendship.



"ANOTHER NOTE FOR MY BOOK"—THE LION IS A SNEAKING, COWARDLY BRUTE, NOT BRAVE ENOUGH TO ATTACK HIS PREY IN THE OPEN, BUT ALWAYS STEALS UPON THEM UNAWARES."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIV. JULY 15, 1909. No. 1394

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York



IN the July *McClure's* Mr. William Archer, able English writer, takes a very solemn view of the race question in our Southern States. He doesn't like present facts or tendencies. He sees four possibilities. Things may go on as they are between the whites and blacks until the negro dies out; but he isn't dying out, and is not likely to; or education may enable both races to live together peaceably but separately, but Mr. Archer thinks it won't; or the races may intermarry, but he thinks they never will; or blacks and whites may separate, and he thinks that should happen. He believes that a State will have to be assigned to the blacks, to be theirs exclusively.

Not unreasonably might one like to see enough land for a negro State acquired, or fenced off somewhere, so that it would always be ready when the negroes wanted to move out on to it. But it should be located somewhere where a black skin will be an asset. There is no climate in the United States, as yet, on which a black skin is not wasted. The negro was built for the tropics, and has some physical qualifications which are more or less wasted outside of the tropics. The countries in which, finally, the negro ought to have the best chance are those in which his color will enable him to do more work and live more safely than a white man can. A black skin is wasted in the temperate zone.

Nobody can guess, as yet, what is to be the destiny of the descendants of the ten million negroes now in the United States. They are, we suppose, by all odds, the ablest, most civilized

and competent ten-million lot of negroes in the world. They are all at school, in a great school kept, somewhat reluctantly, by white men. Somehow and some time those negroes are going to have something like a fair show. If they don't get it—if it can't be given them—in this country, they are going to get it somewhere else. Civilization will have a job for them, and it will be not the worst job that they can live by, but the best of which they are capable. They may be, or may become, an incubus upon the Southern States, but they are not an incubus upon the world. It is inconceivable that they shall ever be compulsorily deported, but it is conceivable enough that some day there may be better opportunities abroad, and on a very large scale, for American negroes, than there are at home. Twenty-seven million immigrants have come to the United States since 1820—most of them folks who didn't have a fair chance at home. They come nowadays at the rate of a million a year. We may live to see a current flowing the other way of persons who cannot get a fair chance here; black-skinned folks going somewhere where black skins are an asset—to Africa, perhaps.



THIS whole country seems to be just a great school. The deportment of the scholars is nothing to boast of; the discipline is not very good; the wrong lessons get learned a good deal and have to be unlearned. But the work in the laboratories attached to the institution goes on with wonderful ardor, and somehow the great lesson of self-help and self-government is being learned here.

Some of the American negroes certainly and obviously are learning that lesson. Hampton and Tuskegee and other like schools are teaching it. Probably the great mass of the negroes are learning it more than superficially appears. The old training of negroes in slavery times taught them to be useful servants, and much of it was very valuable training. The training of these days has to go farther than that

and attempt to teach them to be self-controlling workers. It is natural enough that the results should not immediately be encouraging. But after all, freedom is a mighty intoxicating draught, and its first effects are apt to be pretty scandalous, and it is bound to take a race of men some time to get used to it.



THE only training for negroes that is popular now among white folks anywhere in this country is the training that makes them useful servants, laborers and workmen, and is consistent with the condition of social inferiority. It is the best training for most of the negroes, but it is not quite enough for all of them. If we are to think of them as a race that in this country must always be separate and must always be inferior, we had better think of them as a race that is likely some time to emigrate—gradually and voluntarily—to some land where a fuller destiny awaits it. That conception of them requires the training of leaders—men capable of government, of the organization and transaction of all sorts of business, merchants, doctors, lawyers, preachers, teachers. It requires not alone the training of negroes who can get along here, but the development constantly of men not content with what this country can offer them, who will keep looking out into the world to discover a bigger chance. Progress comes out of the development of a wise and patient, but persistent, discontent. The progress of the negro race in America must depend upon the development in individuals of such a discontent as that. The way out for the negroes is the way up. The way for the South to get rid of them is to help to qualify the ablest of them to find for themselves, and ultimately for their brethren, an opportunity less circumscribed than the South can offer. To-day the South can't spare the negroes nor the negroes the South, but looking far ahead there are interesting possibilities of negro emigration, especially in these times when American capital is running up the Congo.



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Postals from the Farm

Life's Farm Branchville Conn.

June 23, 1909.

Dear Mother:

Just a few lines to let you know that we arrived very safely. Oh! mama I am having a lovely time I go on the scups, pick berries and pluck apples and Oh! we don't have no fun only fine. Dear mother the dinner supper and breakfast are something grand I never thought they would give us such good things to eat in a free country. Mr. Moor and Mrs. Moore the people we stay with are very kind to us. Please send me some money and write soon.

I remain, Susie.

P. S. if Josephine came she would enjoy herself very much.

We got in the country at 6 o'clock.
We are in Kennett LIFES-FARM.
It nice out here—
and we fell very plesant

John.

Dear Mother we are getting along fine
and the children eats fine good by
kisses from all.

My dear Mother

I'm getting along fine we get plenty to
eat

From your daughter Rose.

IT is the marrying parson who profits
by the mistakes of others.



"THESE MINERAL BATHS CERTAINLY DO
EASE A FELLOWS RHEUMATISM"

Poor Bishop McFaul!

BISHOP MCFaul of New Jersey (Roman Catholic), who made such harsh remarks about the non-sectarian colleges, says he got all his information about them from a series of articles in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

The poor bishop! We are sorry for him! The pieces he read were let loose under the title of, "Blasting Away the Rock of Ages," or something like that. We do not recall which muck-raker it was that compiled them, but the obvious intention was to provide the most scare possible for the money, and the colleges generally were sifted for terrifying details of teaching. Considering what an army of teachers the colleges maintain, and how high the percentage of foolishness is in mankind, the proceeds of the sift were remarkably meagre. But Bishop McFaul, eager to prove that the colleges of his own church were the only safe place for the sons of Catholic families, accepted and magnified the muck-raker's conclusions, and made his ill-advised proclamation that all the leading American universities were dangerous places for young men and unfit for Roman Catholic boys.

There could hardly have been a better example of the narrowing effect of a close, sectarian education. The present Pope, an admirable man, had a very narrow sectarian education, and the whole church of which he is the head has suffered by it. So, apparently, with Bishop McFaul. His knowledge of the world and of what is going on in it, is not wide enough to protect him from being gulled by a sensation-monger.

It is far better for the Catholic Church that a reasonable percentage of its children should get their secular education outside of their own church, in the great schools and colleges of the country. If there were not plenty of faithful Catholics who are graduates of the great non-sectarian universities and know what is going on in them, such mistakes as that of Bishop McFaul would be by so much the harder to set right.

A New Fad

A NEW fad among women is reported; namely, the buying of small farms. To some extent the fad ought to be encouraged, but let us hope it will not extend to the lower strata of society.

If the dwellers of the tenements should take it up and commence to migrate, the great cities would be depopu-

lated, much to the annoyance of those who are depending on these dwellers to do their work, as well as of those owners of the tenements themselves who are sojourning in various parts of the world confident that their rent-collectors will keep duly active and forward periodical checks in ample time to pay recurrent hotel bills and tip the servants.

Anyone who has influence with these dwellers should go to them at once and, in a kindly way, persuade them not to desert the paths of duty at this juncture when everything is getting along so nicely. Even the prospective lowering of the price of corn and wheat would not warrant such an exodus.

Ellis O. Jones.

"ISN'T that Prof. Wiseman, the author of 'The Effect of Home Training on the Character of the Child'?"

"Yes, he has just been West to bail his son out for the third time."



WON'T ANYONE BUY?

Who's Who on Olympus

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS



JUPITER

Jupiter.—George W., son of Peter B. Kronos, Esq., of Chaos, and his Aunt Rhea. Born, A. J. 1, at No. 23 Bellevue avenue, Olympus Heights. Educated Mount Ida High School; Ph. B. (Bachelor of Philandery) Parnassus Matrimonial College; champion thunderbolt thrower, Olympian games; president Mythological Union No. Six since foundation; chairman board of directors Helicon Land Improvement Company; frequent contributor to current magazines under such familiar pen-names as Zeus, William J. Thunderer, Upton Synchronides and Optimus Maximus. Author of "How to Be Happy, Though Married Several Times at Once," "Wild Animals I Have Been," "Sixty Ways of Winning a Wife, or the Complete Bridegroom: Being a Guide to Matrimony by One Who Has Suffered," "Etiquette for Minor Gods, or How to Get Into Society and How to Stay There," and many other best-sellers of the period; editor-in-chief "The Universe," a "Journal of Civilization." Married Susan D. Metis, Sara J. Themis, Hera M. Juno, Gwendoline Ceres, Amande M. Leto, Theodora Dione, Maude Mnemosyne, Jane Eurynome, and others too numerous to mention. Founder of The Husbands' Protective Association, Parnassusville; chairman house committee The Out-All-Night Club of Elysium; proprietor The Waldorf-Olympia Hotels Company; honorary president The Little Mothers' Association of Helicon; grand master The Amalgamated Fatherhood of Anonymous Posterity, and numerous other positions of trust. Recreations: Traveling, matrimony, cloud compelling, bolt hurling and vaudeville. In the latter diversion was a headliner, especially in Protean performances. Residence: Olympus on alternate Thursdays in February. For other addresses, see the personal column, *The Helicon Sunday Herald*.

Juno.—Hera M. Lady chairman of The Associated Wives of Olympus. Sister, wife and general mother-in-law of George W. Jupiter, Esq., and unanimously elected chaperone of the universe. Lady principal and mother superior of The Elysian Home for Indigent Affinities. In charge of the Department of Domesticity in the United States of Parnassia, with special powers in all matters pertaining to the house-keeping affairs of the administration. The original ancestress of Mrs. Grundy. Founder of The Parthenian Club, an organization formed for the formulation and promulgation of the theory of monogamy, at that period regarded by many gods and goddesses as a menace to an expansive and sufficiently all pervading posterity. The first woman to appear upon the lecture platform; inventor of virtue, and its constant practitioner; said to have introduced wrinkles into the home as the badge of honor, dignity and endurance. Established the original so-called social lines, whereby one person became better than another and out of which has since sprung respectability. Discovered the quality of jealousy, and for many years kept her husband's home and other enterprises faithfully and adequately supplied with it. Is said by close observers of her time to have been almost as accurate in the handling of the flat-iron as a missile as was Jupiter himself in the manipulation of the thunderbolt for similar purposes. Was rather given to extemporaneous speaking than to writing, but has left a few literary fragments, among which are "In Helicon with Mrs. Caudle, or Curtain Lectures Fit for the Gods," "How to Keep a Husband Without a Keeper: A Disquisition Upon Married Life by One Who Knows More About It Than She Wishes She Did," "Woman's Aim, or Dish-Throwing in Ten Easy Lessons," and "Scolding as a Fine Art."



JUNO

Departmental Ditties

BY HARRY GRAHAM



Invitations

WHEN you're writing invitations for receptions, balls, collations,
To your intimates, acquaintances and neighbors,
By a verbal indiscretion or an ill-advised expression

You may miss the very object of your labors,
And through lacking the advantage of a literary training
May impair a reputation for successful entertaining.

Though your *Conversazioni* may be crammed with friends
and cronies,

Who won't criticise your grammar and your spelling,
And, by missives wrongly worded, strangers sometimes may be
herded

'Neath the roof-tree of your hospitable dwelling.
By a lapse of taste or language folks are often much offended,
When your party is a failure and your soiree unattended.

It is readily admitted that your phrases must be fitted
To the status of the guests you are inviting,
For what *one* accepts as normal to *another* seems *informal*,
What a third enjoys a fourth regards as *slighting*.
And what strikes the Upper Classes as a piece of *maladroitness*
May be looked on by *oi polloi* as (forgive me) *hoigh poloit-*
ness!

You may favor a relation with a curt communication
Which a stranger would consider sheer *effront'ry*.
Or address a peer demurely in a manner which would surely
Sound affected to a "cousin from the country";
So remember, ere commencing, to express yourself on paper,
That a style which suits a duchess may seem stilted to a
draper.

Let your writing-ink be blacker and more luminous than
lacquer.
And your paper quite immaculately snowy;
If you purpose to invest it with a monogram or crest, it
Should be something that is neat but never showy.
And if scented, let the faintest form of perfume be selected,
Or your readers will insist on being promptly disinfected.

Let your meaning be explicit, so that nobody can miss it,
And your writing of a legible description;
People find it most confusing if you make a point of using
Hieroglyphics like a primitive Egyptian.
'Tis as well to state quite clearly upon every invitation
Both the nature of your party and the length of its duration.

Let me instance the dilemma I was placed in by Aunt Emma,
Whom I asked to come and stay with me one Sunday;
I did not refer at starting to the date of her departing,
But I meant to entertain her just for one day.
'Tis a twelvemonth since this guest I had the pleasure of re-
ceiving,
But she swears that she is *ledridden*, and shows no signs of
leaving!

Then, again, a man named Harris, whom I stumbled on in
Paris,

At the Bristol or the Ritz—I often sup there—
And most foolishly invited (I suppose I was excited)
If in London to be sure and look me up there.
"Looks me up" each single day, and, not content with merely
"looking,"
Must propose himself to luncheon, and complains about my
cooking!

If the hostess, apprehensive, find the drudgery extensive
Ev'ry time she asks acquaintances to dinner,
'Tis a fact there's no denying that the duty of replying
Offers just as hard a task to the beginner.
But the following examples should be ample for explaining
This particular department in the Art of Entertaining:

EXAMPLE I

"Mrs. A. B. C. presents
Her respects and compliments
To Mrs. and Miss D.
She would deem it very pleasant
If the latter could be present
At her tiny Tea.

(Note. There will be Bridge for those who care to take a
hand, Tennis in the garden and a military band.")

Answer

"Mrs. and Miss D. express
Their eternal gratefulness
To Mrs. A. B. C.
Tennis they've no time to spare for,
Tea is not a meal they care for,
Bridge they never play.
Military bands for them have little fascination,
So they must reluctantly refuse her invitation."

EXAMPLE II

"Mrs. E. would be obliged if on—(here put the date),
Mrs. F. would condescend to dine with her at 8.
(Mrs. E.'s maternal aunt was coming up from Dover,
But at the last moment has been forced to throw her over.)"

Answer

"Mrs. F. is much distressed to hear about the aunt;
Gladly would replace her, but is sorry that she can't.
Much regrets that on—(the date)—she is already dining,
And she therefore has the greatest pleasure in declining."

EXAMPLE III

"H. H., the Bhong of Bangalore,
Will be At Home from 2 to 4.
(Please enter by the tradesmen's door),
To-day."

Wire.

"Am feeling far from strong,
Cannot join the merry throng,
Tell the Bhong to run along,
And play!"



“THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE”

EXAMPLE IV

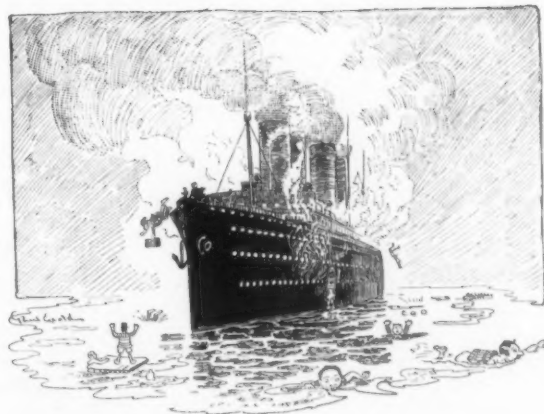
“Dear Mr. Brown:

*My wife and I would chortle with delight,
If you would come and sup with us quite quietly to-night.
(The “quietly” suggests, of course, I hardly need explain,
An absence of formality, of napkins and champagne.)
If you could bring your banjo we might ask the Jones's up.
And I would tell the parlor maid to mix some claret cup.
The eldest Jones, Eliza, plays the harpsichord with ease.
And they would be convenient if we wanted to sing glees.”*

Answer

“Dear Mr. Smith:

I have to be most careful what I drink,
Your claret cup is excellent, no doubt;
But as it tastes distinctly of the cheapest kind of ink,
I fancy I would rather do without.
Please thank your charming wife, and say how deeply
I am grieved
To miss your quiet supper and the glees,
Through a prior invitation I this moment have received,
Which I much prefer to yours and Mrs. B.'s.”



BASEBALL TERM

A HOT LINER



Our Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

WE owe our customers—now numbering thousands in all parts of the country—a humble apology, and we hasten to make it as public as possible.

It is inevitable that occasionally some lapses must occur in every business, no matter how well conducted. We are no exception.

The mistake on our part was due to the precipitate action of one of our chief clerks, an unmarried man himself, and not fully able to understand the feelings that many husbands have.

We have been getting telegrams all day long for several days now. This is a general answer and an explanation.

This year, as all the world knows, we had planned a summer camp for husbands, the idea being to provide an outing place for all of our customers, where ideas could be exchanged and a sort of mutual feeling of comradeship and sympathy be established among our clients.

The railroads offered us exceptional rates. A car load of poker chips has been ordered, and other necessary ingredients, including the contents of a brewery and a summer sextette of golden-haired beauties fresh from Broadway.

We left the selection of a site for this camp, as we have already intimated, to one of our clerks.

He happened to get the wrong place—that is all.

In securing a site right next to Niagara Falls he didn't realize what he was doing.

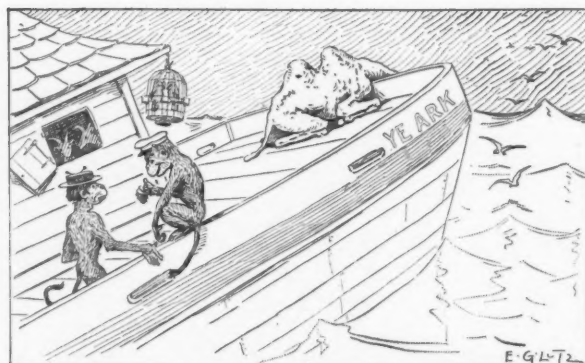
The announcement was sent out before we were aware of it.

Of course there is no husband on our books who wants to camp out in the vicinity of Niagara Falls. They have most of them been there before. It awakens memories.

The following letter is a sample of many received:

Dear Sirs:

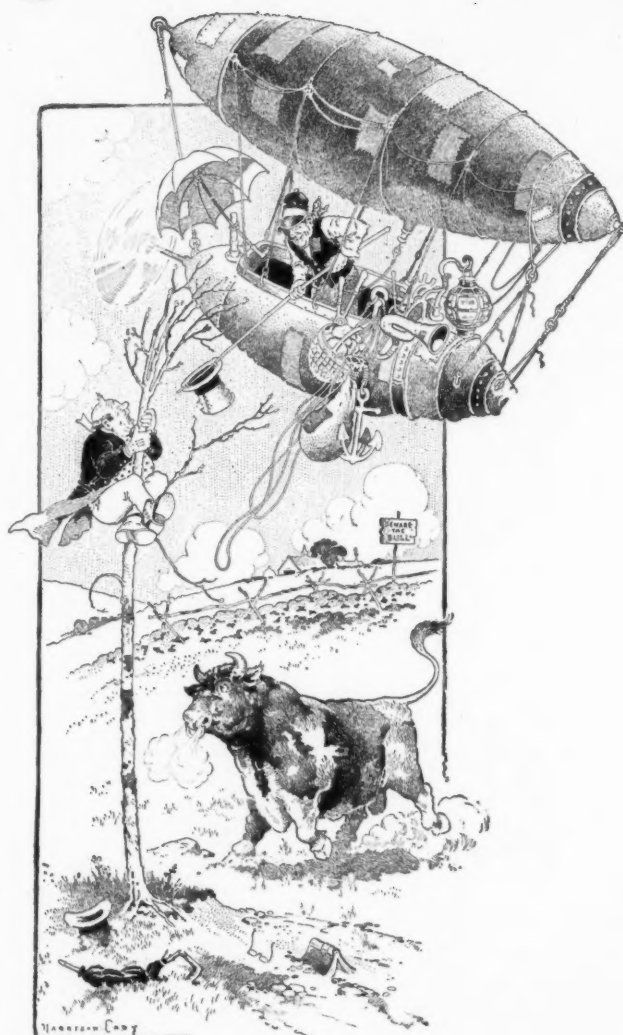
I am in receipt of your circular announcing that you have opened a summer camp for your customers at Niagara Falls. Please allow



IN THE ARK

"THE POOR CAMEL DOES SUFFER TERRIBLY WITH SEASICKNESS."

"WHY NOT WITH HIS FOUR STOMACHS?"



EXTORTION

Santos Highfly (the hobo): 'SCUSE ME, BOSS, BUT A LIFT FROM ABOVE WILL COST YOU A FIVER. YOU CAN GET ONE FROM BELOW FOR NOTHING!

me to congratulate you on your consummate nerve, and at the same time close my account with you at once. I must admit, of course, that I have improved under your care, and I am greatly surprised, in view of the grand work that you have been doing, that you should try to play such a cheap joke on every one of us. Niagara Falls! Not for me! I've been there before, thank you, in the spring of '87. Also once again, in the fall of '93. It's the wretched bad taste of your announcement that I also object to. When I go off to have a good time, and exchange feelings with other husbands, I want to get about as far away from the honeymoon idea as I can. I want to cut that out at least. Why, my dear sirs, that summer camp of yours would be only a perpetual reminder of what mouse-colored asses we had all made of ourselves. Please remit the balance due me, and never let me hear from you again.

G— N—.

To this gentleman, and to all others, we wish again to present our humble apologies. We wouldn't have made such a break for the world.

We have already moved the camp to a special roof-garden,

prepared for us by a famous architect and located on top of a tall building in the heart of the tenderloin district.

Nothing will be spared to make this place a husbands' paradise. Vaudeville performance every afternoon and evening. Free-lunch at all hours. Roulette tables and a poker game going on all the time. In fact, everything that any husband could possibly want will be found.

Special trips will also be arranged to surrounding districts at a minimum expense. One of these will be "A Hot Time in Coney Island." Automobiles will not return from this trip until 3 a. m.

It should be thoroughly understood, however, that while in this manner we make every effort to bring our customers together, and to give them a good time, we don't encourage them to always live this sort of life. We realize, however, that we can't prevent them from doing it, and therefore we would rather have them right under our eye than to stray too far from the fold.

No, brethren, the object of this bureau is to enable husbands to live with their wives and not mind it. That's what we are here for.

Many of our customers get discouraged too soon. They are not willing to let our treatment take its ordinary course.

For example, here is a man who writes as follows:

Dear Bureau:

About three weeks ago I took a course of treatment, or rather, I subscribed to a preliminary course. You will find my name on your books, and that I have paid in advance. As I explained to you at the time, my wife had the Sunday visitors habit. That is, she insisted on having friends come out to spend Sunday—just seemed to crave that sort of excitement. Now, I am a quiet, peaceable citizen, and I need my rest. I don't feel, when Saturday afternoon comes, like taking a lot of municipal cynics out around my premises—pointing, as it were, with an air of conscious pride to my superb hayloft, to the fact that I have three bathtubs for my servants, and a job lot of hydrangeas that my wife got at a bargain counter three years ago. I'm tired. I want to smoke and rest and dream, all by my lonesome. It keeps me so busy hustling for the almighty dollar week days, in order to buy Directoire gowns, that on Saturday and Sunday I'm not in the mood to become the bucolic manager of a sort of Cook's tour around my premises—leaving the library, say, at nine o'clock, making our first stop at the pagoda, and after viewing the rusty old grapevine, proceeding by easy stages through the chicken house and the garage. I'm tired. Now what do you do for me at the end of three weeks of conscientious use of your remedies? Why, I can't even write this in any comfort. The house is full of relatives, and my wife, with a smile that won't come off, is just reading a telegram that three old maid friends from the heart of the Massachusetts literary belt are on the way and will be at the station when the next train arrives. Wouldn't that get on your nerves?

It's my opinion that you are a first-class fake. Get rid of some of these people for me, and let me be myself once more, and I'll believe in you. Otherwise, send me back my remittance.

B—W—

This is no doubt an obstinate case. Let our friend have a little patience. It will take a year to get his wife regenerated. We have

returned his money and will treat him free for one year. If by next spring, however, he suddenly awakens to the fact that his wife is beginning to agree with him that their home is sacred, and that too many visitors are a nuisance, then we shall expect him to pay up.

LATER: We have just received this message by wire:

Old maids left this morning by early train. Relatives getting uneasy. Wife whispered that she never would do it again. Take back all I wrote. Check follows. B—W—

This only illustrates the fact that in our darkest hours the morning may be near. Also that this bureau is on the job day and night.

Every husband who reads this, no matter how chronic his trouble, should communicate with us at once. Confidential. Unfailing. Send for illustrated book of testimonials.

Address,

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.

TO "NEWSPAPER READER": Yes, your inference from the Sigel, Woodill and other recent cases is correct. It is dangerous to fool with men. Not even Chinese are safe.

Joe Miller's Intention

"BUT I can't see," said the friend to old Joe Miller, after the latter had shown him the manuscript of his Jest Book, "why you ever took the time to collect all these old jokes."

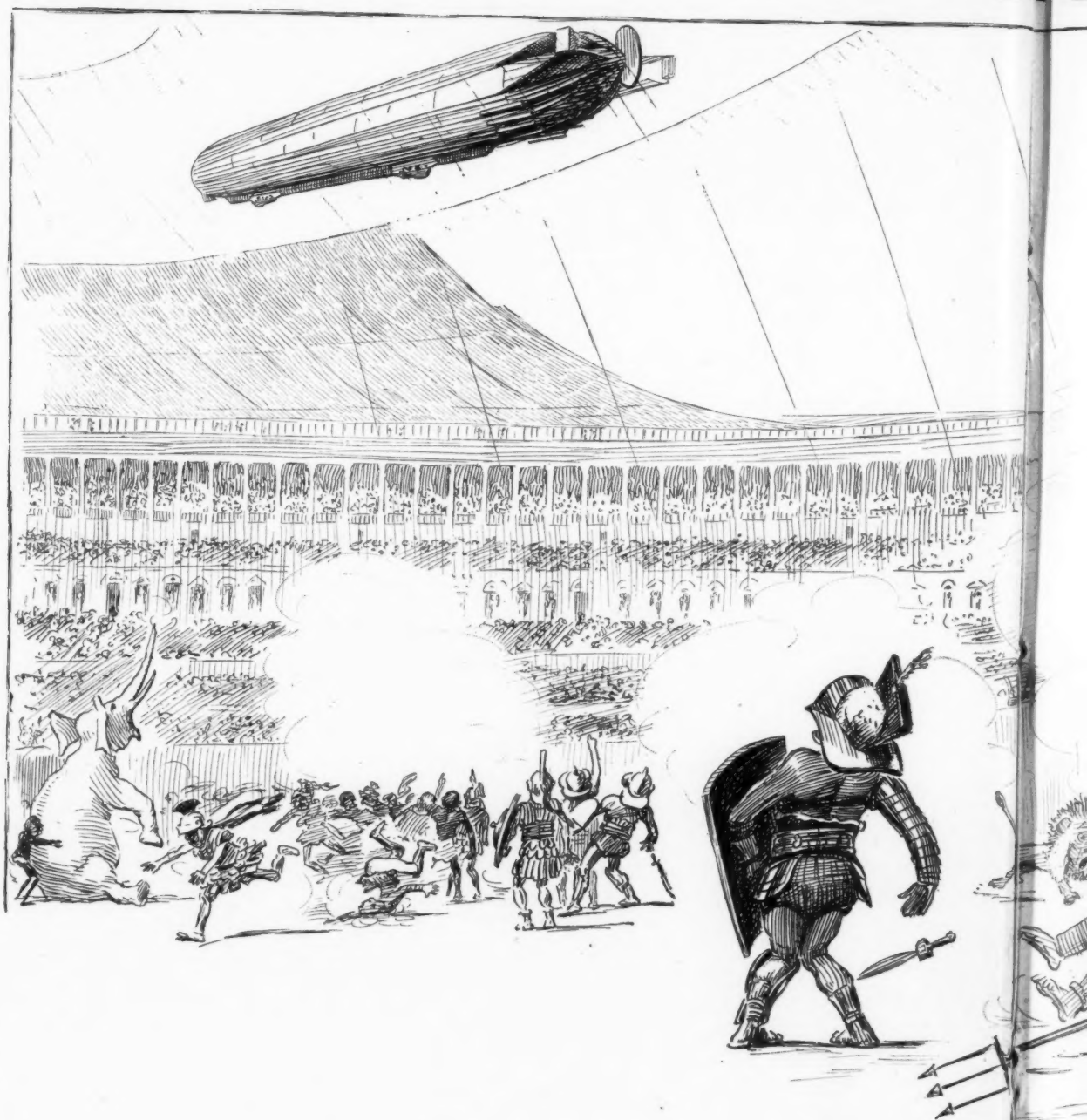
"I didn't mean to do so much of it," explained Joe, confidentially. "At first I started out to arrange the scenario of a musical comedy, but learned that the time was not yet ripe for such a production."

SOME noses by any other name would bloom as red.



Mr. Countryboard: THIS IS SOMETHING WE DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR!

Mrs. Countryboard: YOU KNOW, DEAR, THE ADVERTISEMENT READ, "ROATING, BATHING AND FISHING!"





On His Own Terms

A COUPON BONDER, Esq.,
Wall Street.

Dear Sir:—I was over in Newport the other day on a visit, and by chance happened to meet with your eighteen-year-old daughter—a very beautiful girl, by the way. Needless to say that she fell madly in love with me. Not wishing to entangle myself, I hurried away, but I fear that disastrous results may ensue, and therefore hasten to inform you of the fact, and to assure you that I am willing to do all in my power to mitigate the calamity.

Yours sincerely,
BOLTER BARR.

BOLTER BARR, Esq.,
Mott Street.

Dear Sir:—On receiving your letter, which as you may imagine filled me with amazement, I immediately interviewed my daughter, and found that your account was perfectly truthful. She is madly in love with you, and declares that she must marry you at once. I am in hopes, however, that sober second thought will prevail. In the meantime, in case other measures seem best, permit me to thank you for your kindly consideration, and also ask you to forward me some facts with regard to yourself—your parentage, etc.

Yours very truly,
A COUPON BONDER.

A COUPON BONDER, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—In reply to your inquiry I will say that I am a young man of criminal instincts, and have long been a well-known figure in East Side circles. I play fantan, poker and the races equally well. In my early youth I was a pickpocket, after which I became a housebreaker and a tout. My parentage is unknown, but I have every reason to believe that my mother was Irish and my father Chinese. With thanks for your inquiry, believe me,

Yours faithfully,
BOLTER BARR.

BOLTER BARR, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—Immediately on receiving your recent favor I put my daughter in possession of the facts with regard to yourself. Much to my surprise she said that she had divined them already before your letter was received—in fact, when she first saw you—and that was why she loved you. She is now in a condition where she refuses to be comforted unless she sees you at once. You might let me know immediately how much you would expect me to settle on you.

Awaiting your reply, I am, Yours respectfully,
A COUPON BONDER.

A COUPON BONDER, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—In reply to your favor, an income of fifty thousand a year would be satisfactory to me.

Yours very truly,
BOLTER BARR.

BOLTER BARR, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I am greatly surprised at your demand. It would be impossible for me to grant it. Will you accept twenty-five thousand?

Yours anxiously,
A COUPON BONDER.



"DON'T CONSIDER IT FOR A MOMENT, MY DEAR"

A COUPON BONDER, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I am equally surprised at your letter. You seem to forget, sir, that this is not of my seeking. I don't want to marry your daughter. I have troubles of my own. Now that I think it over, I don't believe that I would come for fifty thousand a year.

Yours,

BOLTER BARR.

BOLTER BARR, Esq.,

My dear Mr. Barr:—I did not mean to offend you. Pray forget it. Of course I will accept your terms. Come at once. Don't wait a moment. My daughter is desperate.

Yours. BONDER.

A COUPON BONDER, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I will come as per your letter, but with this distinct understanding: That after I have married your daughter I don't have to associate with the rest of her family. If you accept wire me and I will start immediately for Newport.

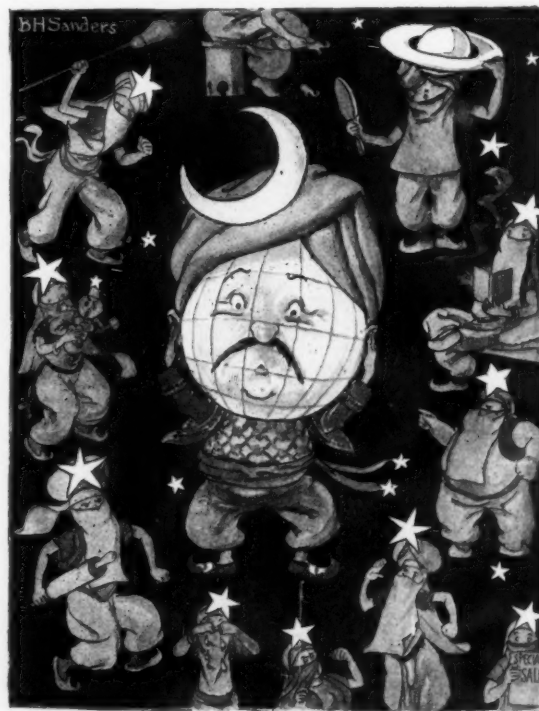
Yours truly,

BOLTER BARR.

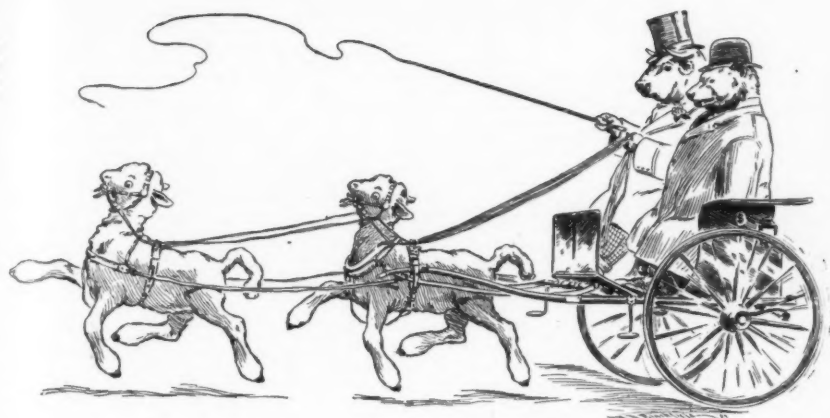
BOLTER BARR.

All conditions accepted. Take first train.

BONDER.



THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE
FROM A TURKISH POINT OF VIEW



UNDER PERFECT CONTROL

College Supremacy

IN reckoning the relative standing of colleges and the reasons therefor, it is strange that no one ever thought of the decided advantage Yale has in its name. Just how great this advantage is remains for future psychologists to determine, and they may yet find that it was not Yale faculty or Yale curriculum or Yale athletics or Yale pluck that gave it a foremost place, but merely Yale, the name only.

When you want to sing the "Here's-to-Good-Old" song, you always sing to Yale, because she is the only one that

can be "so hearty and so hale." If you want to "pledge a cup of nut-brown ale," you must do it to Yale, if you have any sense of rhyme. And so on. A hundred rhymes spring to the lips for Yale, where Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Columbia have such a paucity of rhyming quality that we have to go to frog hair or hen's teeth for a fitting simile.

Ellis O. Jones.

NEWSPAPER contents may be divided into four headings. 1. Amatory. 2. Inflammatory. 3. Defamatory. 4. Foreign News.



Absent Minded Professor: IT'S FORTUNATE I BROUGHT MY UMBRELLA.

Insurance vs. Insurance

A NEW insurance company is badly needed—one that will insure us against insurance, one that will guarantee, when we take out an insurance policy, to collect the amount we expect to get, in case of accident, fire or death.

At present, no human being has ever been able to unravel the intricacies of an ordinary insurance policy; it is as dense as a tariff schedule. As for the insurance laws and customs, they have as many ins and outs as a crystalline maze. The only thing that we are reasonably sure of is that if anything happens, trouble about collecting the amount, which we have been glibly told by the agent we will get, begins at once. If something has been stolen from the house, we have to make affidavits as to who the party was, when he came, how long he stayed, and who was present when he took the goods. If there is a fire we are never entitled to the full amount of the goods destroyed, but only to as much as they are "appraised" and as they are invariably "appraised" by people employed, or semi-employed, by the insurance companies themselves, we are not very likely to get any more than as little as possible.

PROTECTION will never be objectionable to those whom it protects.



"WHAT'S THIS YOU'RE WORKING ON NOW?"
"ONLY A POT-BOILER. I BELIEVE IT'S THE NEXT PRAXITELES TO BE FOUND AT MELOS."

The New Diet

"The proper food for man is man."—
Professor of Dietetics.

THIS may be true, and yet I feel
I much prefer a simpler meal,
On things like beef, and fresh spring
lamb,
And slabs of sweet Virginia ham,
With now and then
A tender, well-broiled, milk-fed hen.

I'd greatly fear to get a line
From someone asking me to dine,
Lest by some chance my kindly host
Should wish to use me for a reast,
Because that he
Had always been so fond of me.

I do not think that I'd enjoy
A meal upon our butcher's boy,
Although he is a likely lad,
With habits very far from bad,
Or loud, or rough,
But I suspect he's rather tough.

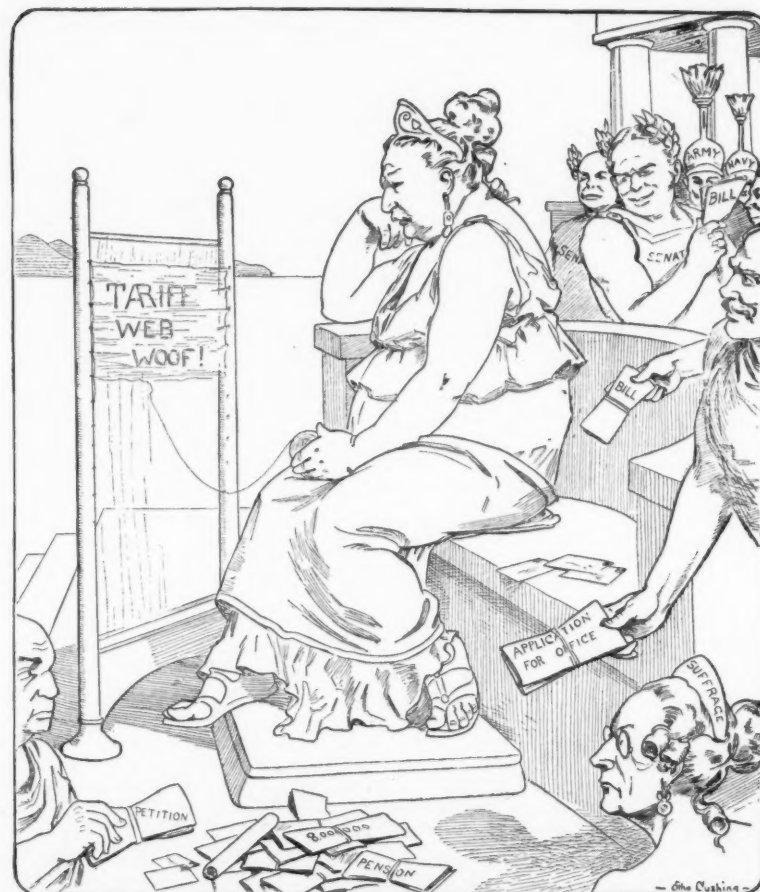
As for the parson, he's a man
That's built upon an upright plan—
A splendid fellow, through and through,
In character completely true;
And yet for tea
I fear *sans* flavor he would be.

And as for Moneybags I know
'Twould be like eating so much dough.
He might taste good, and then again
He might taste rather flat and plain—
The chance is fine
He'd prove too rich for tastes like mine.

—J. K. B.

The Preacher

WHERE the preacher wins is in putting the rest of us on the defensive. He doesn't have to prove anything. We have to prove everything. That doesn't mean that a preacher is



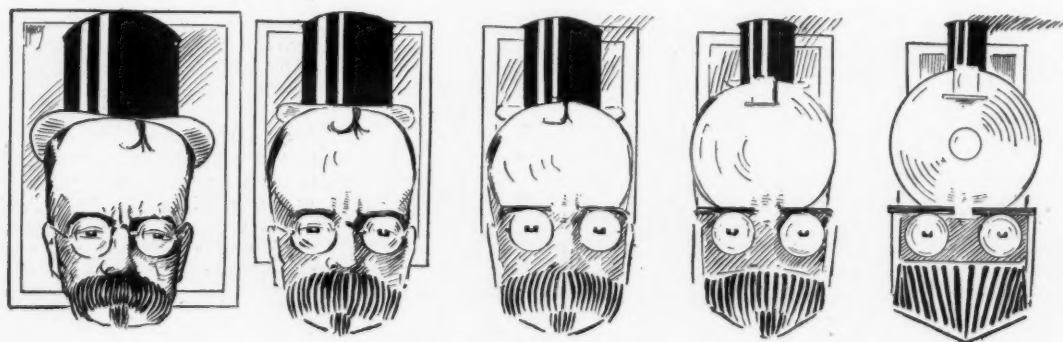
PENELOPE'S TROUBLES IN THE ABSENCE OF ULYSSES

offensive. He may be or he may not be. Many preachers are quite inoffensive. Indeed, it adds greatly to the strength of a preacher to be inoffensive.

But, when a preacher begins to argue

he is lost. A preacher who is prone to argue ought to give up the ministry and take up the law.

The motto of a preacher should be "*ipse dixit*."



THE STORY OF THE RAILROAD



BUT
YOU CAN'T FOOL FATHER TIME.



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Pastoral

He met the girl up the bridge
And kissed her on the spot;
The brook murmured down below,
The girl, she murmured not.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Stood Up for Him

DOLAN: So Casey was runnin' me down an' ye stood up for me?
CALLAHAN: Oi did. Oi sez to him, "Casey," siz Oi, "ye're honest an' truthful an' ye're no coward, an' ye work hard an' pay yer dibts, an' ye don't get drunk an' lick yer woife, but in other respects ye no better than Dolan!"—*Human Life.*



CIRCE

The Lay of the Listener

"Money talks," the sages say;
But when I hear its dulcet tone
It always seems so far away
I have to use the telephone;
And as I wait its voice to hear,
And care brings furrows to my brow,
Fate answers in a tone severe,
"Ring off; the line is busy now."
—*Washington Star.*

Seriously, This Was Funny

Scrivener wrote to his editor as follows:
"I do not believe that you are paying me enough. George Ade is making \$50,000 a year, Mr. Dooley gets a big salary and Mark Twain commands his own price. I believe that my work combines characteristics of all three. Yours truly."
To his surprise the letter was printed in his column and he received a telegram from the editor reading:
"Ade-Dooley-Twain letter best thing you have sent for months. It made the proofreader laugh."—*Chicago Daily Socialist.*

"WOMAN," exclaimed the suffragette, "is the equal of man in every respect."
"Oh, I don't know," replied a man in the audience; "it takes a man to put an angle worm on a fish hook."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"TRAIN up a servant in the way she should go," says the Philosopher of Folly, "and the first chance she gets, she goes."—*Cleveland Leader.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.
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Every Woman Should Know
The Three Indispensable Toilet Articles
"Eleto" Violet Talcum
Creme—"Eleto"
"Eleto" Toilet Water



At
Leading
Druggists

And
Department
Stores

ELETO CO., 5 E. 19th Street, New York



She: I ALWAYS MAKE A RULE TO STAND FOR TWENTY MINUTES AFTER EACH MEAL. IT REDUCES THE WEIGHT AND IS SPLENDID FOR THE FIGURE.



Shakespeare and Mark Twain

It is truly mournful that the carelessness of a compositor, proofreader or errand boy in losing Mark Twain's footnote giving full and proper credit to a rather amply quoted brother anti-Shakespearian should have led to so regrettable a display of ill temper (and thirst for advertising) on the part of a dignified English publisher; and yet, how marvelous a vindication of poetic justice when the brave old humorist's rhetorical question, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" was so quickly followed by the retort interrogative, "Is Mark Twain a Plagiarist?" Of course he isn't. Nobody for a moment dreamed that he could be. And nobody is in the least ruffled; for, to parallel Mr. Clemens' own sage reflections after his lively tilt with M. Paul Bourget a few years ago, accusations anger a man only when they are true; consequently, Shakespeare isn't angry because he isn't dead and Mark Twain isn't angry because he isn't a plagiarist.

Moral: Shakespearian controversy is the last infirmity of noble minds.

How About Wells?

What sort of person is Mr. H. G. Wells, anyhow? On this side of the Atlantic he is known as the author of "Tono Bungay," as the deviser of several entertaining semi-scientific extravaganzas of the Jules Verne school, and as an ardent Socialist. We would have been quite willing to let it go at that, but now comes his vivacious brother-Socialist, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, with the following tremendous indictment: "Take all the sins Wells has ascribed to his colleagues—the touchiness of Hyndman, the dogmatism of Quelch, Blatchford's pre-occupation with his own methods, Grayson's irresponsibility—add every other petulance of which a spoiled child or a successful operatic tenor is capable, multiply the total by ten, square the result, cube it, raise it to the millionth power, and square it again, and you will still fall short of the truth about Wells."

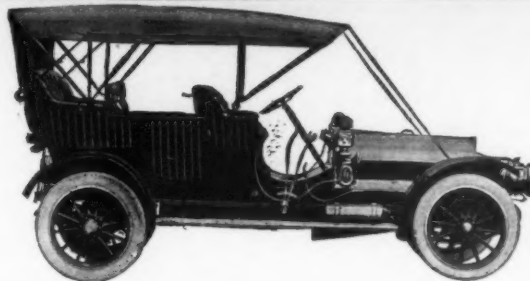
"I never met such a chap. I could not survive meeting such another."

Here's hoping, for the sake of worldly glee, that it may be long before Mr. Shaw does meet such another.

On the other hand, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton in his collection of essays entitled "Heretics," expresses the following quite different view of Mr. Wells:

"But one purely modern man has emerged in the strictly modern decades who does carry into our world the clear personal simplicity of the old world of science. One man of genius we have who is an artist, but who was a man of science, and who seems to be marked above all things with this great scientific humility. I mean Mr. H. G. Wells. . . . The most interesting thing about Mr. H. G. Wells is that he is the only one of his many brilliant contemporaries who has not stopped growing."

Ah, well. To quote an old poet whose name



Franklin 1910 Automobiles

The best answer we can make to the many inquiries concerning Franklin 1910 automobiles is to advise a visit to a Franklin dealer.

We have perfected our air-cooling system and dispensed with the front fan.

Surrounding each cylinder close to the vertical cooling flanges is a sheet-metal casing open at the top and bottom with a diaphragm connecting the casings and forming with the engine boot an air-tight compartment. At the rear of this compartment is a powerful fly-wheel suction fan of new type. This fly-wheel fan draws large and equal volumes of air down through the casings around the cylinders. The air currents are accurately controlled and directed to just where they will do the most good.

This system cools the engine perfectly.

The elimination of the front fan is in itself a great improvement. Whatever reduces complication is always an advantage. Water-cooled engines require a fan, also much other complication which necessitates expert attention.

Tire sizes have been increased on all our 1910 models. On Model H the rear tires are 37 x 5 inches, front 36 x 4 1-2 inches; on Model D, rear 36 x 4 1-2 inches, front 36 x 4 inches; on Model G, rear 32 x 4 inches, front 32 x 3 1-2 inches.

It will be unnecessary to carry extra tires on the 1910 Franklin

On the average automobile trouble

and expense are greater with tires than with any other part of the motor-car. This is not because tires are poor but because they are overloaded. We use larger tires than are generally used on much heavier automobiles. The front tires on Model H for example are the same size as used on the rear wheels of many other automobiles weighing about 1000 pounds more.

Another 1910 improvement is the elimination of the spark advance lever. In no case is the control of the spark left to the judgment of the operator. Much better results are obtained at all speeds than by any other system. This has been demonstrated on our 1909 G. Starting on our magneto system is easier and safer than with batteries.

The 1910 Franklins are made in the following types: Six-cylinder 42 horse-power seven-passenger touring-car, close-coupled car, double-rumble-seat runabout and limousine; four-cylinder 28 horse-power five-passenger touring-car, close-coupled car, double-rumble-seat runabout, landaulet and limousine; four-cylinder 18 horse-power four-passenger touring-car, six-passenger town-car, runabout with hamper, single-rumble-seat runabout and double-rumble-seat runabout.

Franklin closed cars of various types, now ready for delivery, are not only luxurious in their equipment but they have the easy-riding quality so essential to this type of automobile.

Write for our 1910 catalogue.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

may be forgotten but whose words are immortal:

"Diff'rent pussons, diff'rent 'pinions;
Some likes apples, some likes inyons."

Busy Papa

"Mamma," asked little three-year-old Freddie,
"are we going to heaven some day?"

"Yes, dear, I hope so," was the reply.

"I wish papa could go, too," continued the little fellow.

"Well, and don't you think he will?" asked his mother.

"Oh, no," replied Freddie, "he could not leave his business."—*Tit-Bits*.

P.B. LAGER

"Oh Be Jolly"

There's a flavor to P. B. Lager which adds to its refreshing qualities as a beverage. It is the highest achievement of the master brewer's skill. You'll like it better than any other beer you ever tasted.

At leading Hotels, Restaurants & Cafes

A. G. VAN NOSTRAND

Brewer 1111 Broadway, Boston, Mass.

WHY SUFFER FROM HAYFEVER?

It is only a local irritation
Caused by pollen and dust in the air.
Relieved by the **Nasalfilter**. It is made of Sterling silver,
fitted with fine mesh cloth changeable at will.

PRICE \$2.00
Write for descriptive book.

UNIVERSAL SUPPLY COMPANY, 4th Floor, Globe Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL
**The Dainty
Mint Covered
Candy Coated
Chewing Gum**
Particularly Desirable
after Dinner

BETTER—STRONGER

More lasting in flavor than any other.
A try—a test—Good-bye to the rest!

Sold in 5¢ and 25¢ packets
Frank H. Fleer & Company Inc.
Philadelphia, U.S.A. and Toronto, Can.

**OUR FOOLISH
CONTEMPORARIES**



New Lamps for Old

"When all of the jokes are written
And all of the stories are told,
What shall we do?" sighed Pessimist,
As tears from his eyelids rolled.

"What shall we do?" grinned Optimist.
"Just what we've done before.
We'll change them around a little bit
And grind them out once more"

—Chicago Daily Socialist.

She Was Too Quick

There were three at the little table in the café,
a lady and two men.

Suddenly the electric lights went out, and the
lady, quickly and noiselessly, drew back.

An instant later there was the smack of a com-
pound kiss. As the electric lights went up each
man was seen smiling complaisantly.

"I thought I heard a kiss," said the lady,
"but nobody kissed me."

Then the men suddenly glared at each other
and flushed and looked painfully sheepish.—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Summer Board

"I'm an author, you understand, spending my
vacation on a farm to get local color. How
much will board be?"

"Ten per week," replied the farmer, "and \$2
extra if we're expected to talk dialect."—
Kansas City Journal.

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office LONDON-WASHINGTON-OTTAWA

THE KING OF SERVIA

33

Then up spake King Peter Karageorgewitch,
"Honestly I do not karadamwhitch,
Of my sons marries Iust,
If a twin of gold dust
And plays 'RAD-BRIDGE' and don't karipalmstsch."

A Never Failing Supply

The fond husband was seeing his wife off with
the children for their vacation in the country.
As she got into the train, he said, "But, my dear,
won't you take some fiction to read?"

"Oh, no!" she responded sweetly, "I shall
depend upon your letters from home."—London
Tattler.

Valuable Information

A: I used a word in speaking to my wife
which offended her sorely a week ago. She has
not spoken a syllable to me since.

B: Would you mind telling me what it was?—
Fliegende Blaetter.

"THAT boy of yours whistles the 'Merry
Widow' waltz very correctly"

"Oh, he's a wonder. He remembers every
tune he ever hears."

"Gee! He'll make a fortune as a comic opera
composer some day."—Cleveland Leader.

**Liqueur
Pères Chartreux**

GREEN
AND
YELLOW

GREEN
AND
YELLOW



The original and genuine Chartreuse has always
been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks
(Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion
from France, have been located at Tarragona,
Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia
originated by the Monks have been adjudged by
the Federal Courts of this country to be still
the exclusive property of the Monks, their world
renowned product is nowadays known as
"Liqueur Pères Chartreux."

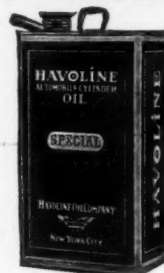
At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bäcker & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

Respectability

Max O'Rell was once staying with a friend at
Edinburgh. Starting for a walk on Sunday, he
took up his walking stick. "Do you mind taking
an umbrella?" asked his conscientious host.
"It looks more respectable."—Dem. Telegram.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"It's purity has made it famous"

**For Lubrication
HAVOLINE
OIL**



Havoline Oils are the *only*
oils which possess lubricating
body and at the same time are
highly filtered. In proof of
this statement we invite a com-
parison between Havoline and
any other brand of oil made.

Write for 1909 Catalogue
and Price List.

HAVOLINE OIL COMPANY

Executive Offices: 77 Broad St. Retail Store: 1906 Broadway, N. Y.
Chicago: 40 Dearborn St. Boston: 749 Boylston St.
St. Louis: 4630 Olive St. Pacific Coast Agents:
W. P. Fuller & Co.

Life in the Suburbs

"Yes," sighed the suburban man, who had
just moved in, "at my place I had the prettiest
little garden that ever bloomed until my neigh-
bor's chickens scratched the roots up"

"And did you kick?" asked his new acquaint-
ance.

"You bet! I got a big tomcat that soon made
mincemeat of his chickens."

"What then?"

"Why, the next I knew, he had bought a
ferocious bulldog to watch for my Tom"

"H'm. And did that end the trouble?"

"Oh, no! I borrowed a wolf from an animal
trainer to kill the bulldog."

"War to the knife, eh? What was the next
chapter in the bitter feud?"

"There was none. I heard that he was about
to purchase a tiger to kill my wolf, and as I
couldn't afford the price of an elephant to kill
his tiger I thought it best to move."—Exchange.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the
South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

Quick in Wit as in War

A good story coming from across the water
concerns the quick wit of a German attaché at
the London embassy who was asked whether he
had yet seen Major du Maurier's play. "An
Englishman's Home." As soon as this drama
was presented, and especially since it has been
made accessible as a book, the public has been
keen to know how the Germans view a satire
which makes the English volunteer army a laugh-
able failure in the face of a German enemy.
"Have you seen 'An Englishman's Home?'"
the attaché was asked; to which he replied: "I
saw some military play the other evening; it may
have been called 'An Englishman's Home,' but it
might just as well have been called 'What Every
German Knows.'"—Harper's Literary Gossip.

BRIARCLIFF MANOR, N. Y.

BRIARCLIFF LODGE

A Resort Hotel of High Quality

Open from May 1st to December 1st with superior accommo-
dations for three hundred guests. Apartments decorated and
furnished under exclusive orders for lease engagement.

DAVID B. PLUMER, Manager

Represented at 31½ East 46th St., New York. 'Phone 3278-36th.

SUMMER TRAVEL

"The Best of Everything at the Best Time"

Just Enough
"Personally Conducted"
to do away with the cares
and annoyances of get-
ting about

Yellowstone Park, Alaska,
Colorado, Canadian Pacific Ry.
Around the World.

35 Shorter Tours through
New York, New England and
Canada

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.

225 Fifth Avenue, New York
BOSTON PHILADELPHIA PITTSBURGH
Send for Booklet

Family Floriculture

George Marion, the stage manager, is a lover of nature and a hater of overcoats and umbrellas. Recently, during a violent rain storm, he called on his mother, entering her presence wringing wet. "George," said she, firmly, "you ought not to expose yourself in such weather. You will get pneumonia."

"But, mother," exclaimed George, with a theatrical wave of his hand, "Why should I fear the rain? Does it not nurture the grass? Is it not life to the flowers?"

"It is a long time," said the good woman, closing a window, "since you were a flower."—*Success*.

In an Ohio town there is still maintained a stage-coach system of transportation, the steeds whereof are of that sad appearance presented by the horses attached to the Fifth avenue line in New York not so many years ago.

One day a Cincinnati man, visiting the town in question, boarded a stage, having no other currency than a \$5 bill. This he proffered to the driver. The latter took it, looked it over for a moment or so, and then asked:

"Which horse do you want, Bill?"—*Harper's Weekly*.

From a crowd of rah-rah college boys celebrating a crew victory, a policeman had managed to extract two prisoners.

"What is the charge against these young men?" asked the magistrate before whom they were arraigned.

"Disturbin' the peace, yer honor," said the policeman. "They were givin' their college yells in the street and makin' trouble generally."

"What is your name?" the judge asked one of the prisoners.

"Ro-ro-bert Ro-ro-rolls," stuttered the youth.

"I asked for your name, sir—not the evidence."—*Everybody's Magazine*.



**JOHN JAMESON
WHISKEY**

For Sale Everywhere.

W. A. TAYLOR & CO.,

Sole Agents

New York.

MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

*You Who Are Seeking to Better Your
Tire Service*

Cannot but be impressed by this significant fact—

MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES

are and have been for years universally known among owners, dealers
and car manufacturers as "GOOD TIRES."

Moreover, they have acquired and kept this reputation in the *one* and *only* way that such a reputation could be *permanently* established—by delivering the kind of service every motorist wants—good, reliable service and *lots* of it.

Their success, however, is but a logical sequence of cause and effect.

Twenty-eight years' experience in the manufacture of rubber goods—

The facilities of the newest and finest equipped rubber plant in the world—

A system of inspection that leaves absolutely no loop holes for defective materials or construction—

A firmly rooted disposition on the part of our entire organization to produce a tire that will "deliver the goods" *anywhere and always, regardless of its production cost.*

These give to Morgan & Wright tires an *advantage* in their making that cannot but produce more than ordinary results.

This "advantage" is best proven by the *decreased* tire bills and *increased* tire mileage of the host of motorists who use them.

A few hundred miles of driving on one or two Morgan & Wright tires, using them in connection with other makes, will convince you that there is an *actual dollar-and-cents-reason* for the testimony you hear on every hand that—

**MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES
ARE GOOD TIRES**

You will find it *easy* to get them—dealers everywhere sell them and they cost no more than you are asked to pay for other brands.

Morgan & Wright, Detroit

Tenderness

It was in the hotel of a Western mining town that the New England guest, registering in the office, heard a succession of loud yells.

"What in the world is that—a murder going on upstairs?" he demanded.

"No," said the clerk, as he slammed the book and lounged toward the stairs, "it's the spring bed up in No. 5. That tenderfoot up there don't get the hang of it, and every few days he gets one o' the spiral springs screwed into him like a shirt stud. I guess I'll have to go up, if there ain't anything more I can do for you for a few minutes."—*Youth's Companion*.

"Mr. P., how is it you have not called on me for your account?"

"Oh, I never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed! How, then, do you get on if he doesn't pay?"

"Why, after a certain time I conclude he is not a gentleman and then I ask him."—*Tit-Bits*.

Does Your Motor Always "Mote"?

Perhaps the trouble lies in faulty ignition current.

The best insurance against this kind of trouble is the

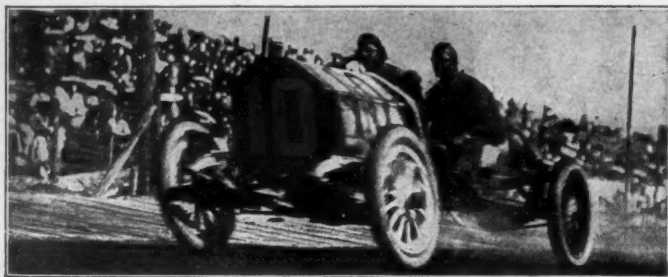
Hubler-Dayton Storage Battery

The surest, most compact and durable battery made, for automobile or motor boat. Gives more miles of running than any other battery built. Made in the same factory with the famous Apple Ignition Dynamo. Our catalog of ignition specialties is ready—write for it today.

The Dayton Electrical Mfg. Co.,
128 St. Clair St., Dayton, Ohio.



REMY Magneto Wins Again!



Famous ignition system used on the car driven by Chevrolet to decisive victory in the Cobe Trophy Race at Crown Point, Indiana, June 19th.

Chevrolet chose the Remy Magneto for use in this event, despite the fact that attractive prizes were offered by other magneto firms

And proved the superiority to all other magnetos, foreign or American, of the Remy, the perfect mechanical ignition system! Fifty thousand Remy 1910 Magnetos are called for by contracts with two automobile manufacturers alone.

The Remy is the simplest ignition—has the broadest margins for dirt, oil and water and neglect—requires practically no care—can be installed by anybody.

Motorists everywhere are invited to take advantage of the Remy Magneto Service.

A competent corps of experts at our branch selling offices in New York, Chicago and Detroit will help you solve your ignition troubles. Call or write to our nearest address.

REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY, Dept. 19, Anderson, Indiana

BRANCH SELLING OFFICES:

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471 Woodward Ave.
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J. & F. MARTELL

Cognac

(Founded 1715)



AND

FINE OLD
LIQUEUR
BRANDIES

GENUINE OLD
BRANDIES MADE
FROM WINE

Sole Agents
G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.
New York



First aid to the host.
Fine at meal time
—all times.

BLATZ

BEER
MILWAUKEE



You can tell
a Blatz
Bottle a
block
away!

The one notable
achievement in brewing.
The veritable fulfillment of
beer character, quality and
healthfulness.

Always the same
Good Old Blatz.

Ask for it at club, café or buffet. Insist on "Blatz."

Dealers are invited to correspond direct.

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Write the Val. Blatz Brewing Co., mentioning this paper, for their interesting booklet entitled "A Genial Philosopher."



The Wolf: IN UNION, MY DEAR, THERE IS STRENGTH

Position Unrivalled in LONDON.
THE
LANGHAM HOTEL
Portland Place and Regent St. W.
FAMILY HOTEL of the HIGHEST ORDER
In Fashionable and Healthy Locality.
• Reduced Inclusive Terms
during August and September.

"Literature" for the Young

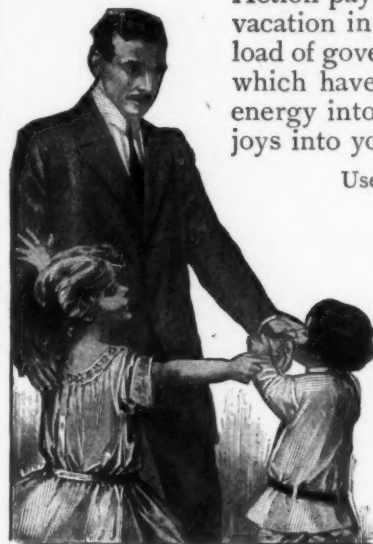
A writer in the *Academy*, says the *Evening Post*, recently had the good luck to stumble upon an old packet containing "Literature for the Young." Its contents make him a bull on the contemporary story-book market. Of the tales parents now give their children to read he says:

It is hardly likely that posterity will feel inclined to scoff at the literature which we now provide in such immense quantities for the children. Taken *en masse*, it is fairly innocuous, and far more calculated to inspire nobleness of character than the insipid and stilted brochures of former years, with their caricatures of good and bad children, their didactic fathers and mothers, who might have been wooden models for all the sense of naturalness they conveyed. When, in due course, our own time and century shall have become "old-fashioned," and the children romping in the nurseries to-day shall turn to a tattered pile of high adventures and daring deeds in bindings that once were brilliant, it is more than probable that they will be able to pass them down to the next generation with feelings of pleasure. And however instructive and harmless Mrs.

Good Intentions Make Good Paving Blocks

Action pays dividends. A modest investment in a real vacation in Colorado will do more for you than a wagon load of government bonds. It will put lung cells to work which have been loafing for years. It will put more energy into your run-down system and bring more real joys into your life than you ever dreamed were possible.

Use the de luxe service of the



Rock Island-Frisco Lines

from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City or Memphis and your vacation starts when the train starts.

It's the best way to the best place—the way of greatest comfort and greatest saving.

Send tonight for our Colorado book or our folder "Thru' Scenic Colorado and Yellowstone Park to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition"—free on request. They will supply the details you need.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager
6 La Salle Street Station, Chicago, Ill.

MENNER'S BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief
For
PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNER COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

Trimmer and her contemporaries were we cannot venture to do that with their books—we should be greeted with howls of derision from the nursery floor, and sent about our business, which would be to bring in something that should pass the young censors as up to standard in excitement and heroism. The old writers were far too fervently anxious about their young friends' rectitude, forgetting that children are never inherently base; forgetting, too, that while a horse may enjoy a feed of hay and be grateful for it, he might resent having a truss of it dropped upon his head!

But let a few extracts speak for themselves. Here is George, who has been hit by a cricket ball; Walter and his sister, Agnes, visit him in a farmyard.

"You never told us of your accident before," said Agnes. "Were you much hurt?"

"It was very painful at the time," said George, "but soon got well. It was not worth while to make dear mamma uneasy for such a trifle."

"I hope," said Walter. "I shall never be greedy like these pigs. How they are pushing one another to try to get the best and most. I wish Master Harding could see them; I think it would cure him of gluttony."

"Hush, Walter," said Agnes, "we must not speak ill of the absent. Let us rather learn the

hatefulness of gluttony, the pleasure of giving to others, and living together in love and peace."

Now permit us to introduce little Henry, who lives in India. He has been taught by the servants "many things which a little boy should not know"; but fortunately a clergyman's daughter came down upon him, when he was five, and interested him in "the dreadful hell, prepared for those who die in their sins." He becomes a saint in knickerbockers at once, as we learn from his conversations:

Lady—Can you find me one person who deserves to be called good?

Henry—Oh! I know that I am not good. I have done many, many naughty things, which nobody knows of.

Lady—Then you think yourself a sinner?

Henry—A very great one.

Lady—Where do sinners go when they die?...

Table of Values

"Now, children," commanded the austere instructor in advanced arithmetic, "you will recite in unison the table of values."

Thereupon the pupils repeated in chorus:

"Ten mills make a trust.

"Ten trusts make a combine.

"Ten combines make a merger.

"Ten mergers make a magnate.

"One magnate makes the money."—*Chicago Daily Socialist*.

REST, RELIEF, RECREATION

cause thousands to retreat to purer, life-giving air in sound of the breakers or the rustling leaves of mountain groves. These are the scenes of health and hospitality, where



HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

An Absolutely Pure Whiskey, brings cheer and comfort to those who wisely provide it.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

CLARK'S CRUISES AROUND THE WORLD

By S. S. "Cleveland," 18,000 tons, brand new, Oct. 16, '09, from N. Y., and Feb. 2, '10, from Frisco, \$650 and up.
12th Annual Orient Cruise, Feb. 5, '10, \$400 up, by Lloyd S. S. "Grosser Kurfuerst," 73 days, including 24 days in Egypt and Palestine.
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York.



For Men and
Women \$2.50 up

Patented

The Coolest Auto Glove

because of the perfect ventilation secured through perforations across the back and fingers, too tiny to admit dust, is the

GRINNELL VENTILATED "RIST-FIT" GLOVE

The "V" of soft leather inserted in the cuff allows a snug, smooth fit, when the strap is drawn. This feature is our well known patented "RIST-FIT." Only the toughest and softest of "Reindeer" and Coltskin leather is used.

Examine a Pair of Grinnell Gloves at Our Expense

Write us your dealer's name, also size and style you wish, and we'll send them prepaid.

Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Co., 42 Broad St., Grinnell, Iowa
Originators and Patentees of Ventilated and "Rist-Fit" Gloves

A LOVE-SMITTEN youth asked one of his bachelor friends if he thought that a young man should propose to a girl on his knees.

"If he doesn't," replied the friend, "the girl should get off."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR VACATION

DO YOU KNOW WHERE TO GO, HOW TO GO, WHAT TO TAKE, WHAT IT WILL COST AND THE DOZEN AND ONE OTHER THINGS THAT MAKE OR MAR A VACATION?

All this information can be had for the asking through RECREATION'S INFORMATION BUREAU and absolutely without cost to you; the only condition is that you are a reader of RECREATION either by subscription or by purchase from your news-dealer.

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are the GREAT VACATION NUMBERS and contain more valuable and accurate information on outdoor vacations, and reliable and interesting articles on all clean, wholesome recreation than was ever before published in any magazine.

ALL THE ARTICLES AND ALL THE UNUSUAL PICTURES (OF WHICH THERE ARE MORE THAN 100) IN EACH ISSUE ARE FURNISHED BY MEN WHO HAVE "BEEN THERE." A GREAT WEALTH OF LIVE OUT-DOOR ARTICLES AND PICTURES IN THESE SUMMER NUMBERS.

We want you to become acquainted with RECREATION and all its helpfulness.

BUY THE CURRENT NUMBER AT ANY NEWSDEALER'S. IF HE CANNOT SUPPLY YOU, SEND US 25 CENTS AND WE WILL SEND YOU A COPY BY RETURN MAIL.

SPECIAL: Send us 50 cents and we will mail you June, July and August numbers of RECREATION. Regular price 75 cents.

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New York

ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. Aids digestion. A pleasing aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A delightful tonic and invigorator. At wine merchants' and druggists'. Important to see that it is Abbott's.

"I Told You So"

An old couple lived in the mountains of eastern Tennessee; he was ninety-five and she ninety. Their son, a man of seventy, died. As the old folks crossed the pasture to their cabin after the burial the woman noticed a tear roll down her husband's cheek. She patted him tenderly on the arm and said:

"Never mind, John, never mind; you know I always said we never would raise that boy."—*A. W. Baird, in Success*.

He Passed

JUDGE: You are a freeholder?

TALESMAN: Yes, sir; I am.

"Married or single?"

"Married three years last June."

"Have you formed or expressed any opinion?"

"Not for three years, your honor."—*R. M. Winans, in Success*.

Do You Ever Go Home?

Copyright 1908 by Life Pub. Co.



A LONG STORY
India Print, 18 x 22 in. \$2.00

Copyright 1908 by Life Pub. Co.



THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES
India Print, 18 x 22 in. \$2.00

Copyright 1907 by Life Pub. Co.



"I WONDER IF THEY'RE TRUE TO ME?"
Photogravure, 13½ x 16 in. 50 cents.



160 Pictures
for 25 Cents



LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
17 West 31st Street, NEW YORK

Club Cocktails

A Bottled Delight

When you mix a cocktail, you take chances. When you use CLUB COCKTAILS you don't even have to mix. Just pour over cracked ice and you'll have the most delicious and satisfying drink you ever tasted.

They can't help being better than the mixed at random kind.



Martini (gin base) Manhattan (whiskey base) are always popular.



G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

Hartford
New York
London

The Culture-Crazed

We are mad for cultivation
And refining information,
And we're drinking pretty deeply at the pure
Pierian streams.

Whether eagerly or dourly,
We're absorbing culture hourly,
And we're getting quite conversant with a quantity of themes.

CHORUS

Oh, we're breakfasting on Hegel and we dine on
Socrates,
We serve Professor James and Kant at all our
formal teas,

And we spend a half an hour
Glancing over Schopenhauer,
Noting Nietzsche's "Will to Power,"
Or his subtler theories.

Criticising Aristotle,
Mrs. Wharton, Emory Pottle,
Is our favorite avocation, and we're able to
indite

Themes on Arnold versus Pater,
Demonstrating which is greater,
Or to write a dissertation on the fossil trilobite.

CHORUS

Oh, it's eulogize Beethoven, show the inward-
ness of Liszt,

Sterling Tires

Most important of all that goes into a tire is the "intent" of the Maker. Fabric, rubber and tools are open to every one. We are building tires to build reputation. We don't care about this year's profit or loss. We are willing to take our profit in good name and good will. Try one Sterling against three others and see what we mean.

Sterling Blue Tubes

are made of two layers of rubber—cross-grained with a protective coating. Nothing else like them—unique in looks and service. "Ask us why they're blue."

Tell us what tires you use and where you buy them, and we'll tell you how to get a Sterling Blue Tube—FREE.

RUTHERFORD RUBBER CO., Rutherford, N. J.

Take a little whack at Wagner, and show where Verdi missed.

Do not ask why that sonata
Sounds like Lewis Carroll's hatter,
(After all, it doesn't matter).
What's the next thing on the list?

When it comes to Botticelli
We are very sure to tell "he
Was affected quite profoundly by the early
Renaissance."

And we like D. G. Rossetti.
For we never can forget he
Has produced his soulful shadings with the most
minute nuance.

CHORUS

Oh, it's pass along the Hauptmann and it's rush
that Maeterlinck,
Condemn Pinero, Shaw and Wilde—don't try to
stop and think.

At the sea of cultivation
And of thought-assimilation
There's no time for rumination
Nor for trembling at the brink.
—Irene Louise Hunter, in *Saturday Evening Post*.

The Standard Paper for Business Stationery—"Look for the Water-Mark"

THE very fact that this advertisement appears in LIFE gives it a higher standing with you than if you saw it in, for instance, a "sporting sheet."

On the same principle your letters will carry more weight if written on genuine Old Hampshire Bond rather than on cheap pulpy stock or an imitation of Old Hampshire.

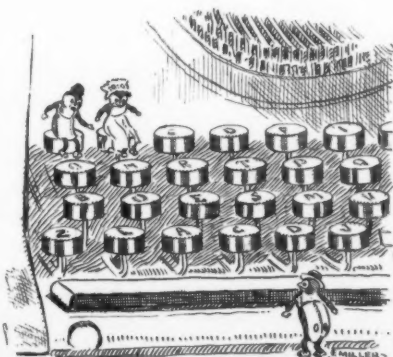
Let us give you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND.

Hampshire Paper Co.

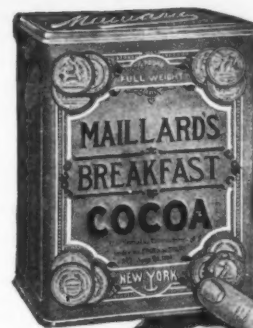
Only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively
South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts



Made "A Little Better Than Seems Necessary"—"Look for the Water-Mark"



"I SAY, MR. BEETLE, WHAT TIME IS THE CURTAIN SUPPOSED TO RISE?"



Made in a minute—agrees with everyone

The Best Cocoa of them All

An appetizing luncheon in a teacup, for a Summer afternoon, when a heavy meal is not needed. It nourishes, strengthens and is digestible.

Sold by All Leading Grocers

Maillard's
NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street.

Chocolates, Bon-Bons, French Bonbonnières.

The Luncheon Restaurant—a cool resting place for ladies—"afternoon tea" 3 to 6.

In Manhattan

JACK: Hello, Tom, old man, got your new flat fitted up yet?

TOM: Not quite. Say, do you know where I can buy a folding toothbrush?—*Boston Transcript*.

BERKOWITZ and Sternberg, traveling salesmen, met on the train.

"I have just come from St. Louis, where I did a tremendous business," said Berkowitz. "How much do you think I sold?"

"How should I know?" replied Sternberg. "Of course you don't know, but what do you guess?"

"Oh, about half."

"Half of what?"

"Why, half what you say."—*Everybody's*.

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

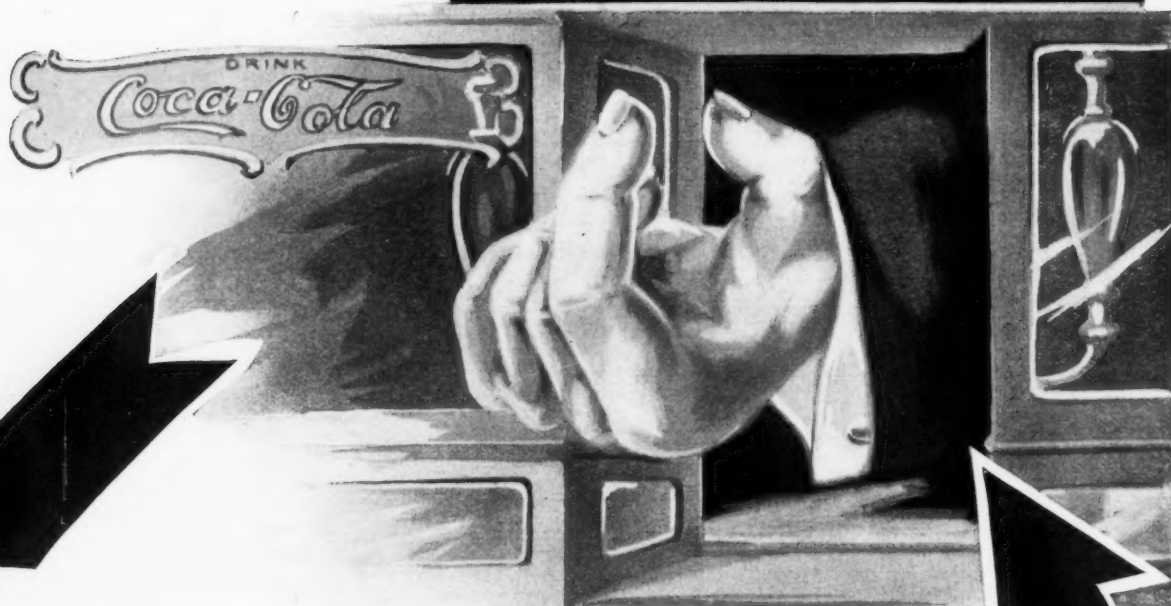
Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
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